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# PUCK

A HUMOROUS AND SATIRICAL WEEKLY

PUBLISHED BY THE PUCK PUBLISHING COMPANY

## THE BEGINNING OF THE END.



Tremble, thou wretch.  
That hast within thee undivulged crime.  
Unwhipp'd of justice. *Shakespeare.*



## "PUCK",

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## PUCK'S CARTOONS.

## THE BEGINNING OF THE END.

ARTEMUS WARD's remark, that he didn't know how many wives Brigham Young had, but he used up the multiplication table in counting the stockings that were hanging out to dry, is almost equaled by the grotesque cut in Mark Twain's "Roughing It," representing the Mormon chief in a bed of vast extent with innumerable wives snoring on each side of him. These are the funny aspects of the question; but there is a profoundly serious side also, as depicted in our cartoon.

The foul system of Mormonism must be blotted out, and Brigham Young may well be conscience-stricken, as Justice lays her hand upon him and points to the closing scene in the Mountain Meadow Massacre.

## PUCK'S MAGIC LANTERN.

BEHOLD thy picture, as revealed by PUCK, O Wendell, as thou tearest thy "passion to tatters." 'Tis well thou hast not eyes in the back of thy head to see thy shadow, for thou mightst not then feel happy. The "Slave-hound Cabinet" look calmly on, and thou in the whirlwind of thine eloquence stormest fearfully.

"O wad some power the giftie gie us  
 To see oursel's as ithers see us!"

## THE EASTERN QUESTION.

PUCK takes cognizance of all passing events; and the vexed "Eastern Question," which is now setting all the great and little powers of Europe by the ears, must command some attention. Russia, Turkey, England, Austria, Germany, Italy, and a number of little States and large nationalities with unpronounceable names, with ministers with patronymics even still more unpronounceable, have all something to say on the subject. There are conferences and protocols, envoy-extraordinaries and minister-plenipotentiaries, negotiations, notes, and counter-notes. Russia wants Constantinople, but says she doesn't. The Muscovite Minister Gortschakoff would like to have everything his own way, and could he wield the lashes of the knout with the heads of the Englishman Beaconsfield and the German Bismarck, the Italian Victor Emmanuel and the Austrian Andrassy, would make things lively for Europe generally.

A PRIM Boston editor asks: "Is it proper for young married ladies to be seen upon the stage?" Yes, provided they sit close to the driver, and don't let their feet dangle too much over the sides.

THE famous boy orator, young Harry Shannon, must be a chip of the old block. At all events, he talks like the old Harry.

## Puckerings.

THE crocus is beginning to hatch in the East, the caucus in the South, and the locus' in the West.—*Graphic*. And the circus in the North.—*Norristown Herald*. And a general cussedness all over.

PHILADELPHIA, with all its reputation for slowness, has got ahead of New York in Rapid Transit. Steam cars are now running through the Quaker City, while we must content ourselves with painting imaginary pictures of elevated railways as we hang on to pieces of horse-car on our road up-town in the evening.

It is said that Spinoza didn't drink more than a pint of wine in a month. Spinoza needn't have put on airs about it. Puck knows lots of fellows who don't even drink a pint of wine a year, but make up for it in whiskey.

THE other day, an irate young man entered a Chicago sanctum, and went for the editor with a mallet. Puck hereby desires to give notice that he will tolerate no such in-fur-mallet-ies.

As a cheering instance of educational progress in Texas, it is stated that all boys over five years of age, attending public schools in that State, are now imperatively required to take off their bowie-knives and revolvers before entering the school-room.

AN exchange says there is a great demand in New Orleans for the choicer brands of apples. Among these, it is safe to infer that the "Northern Spy" is not included.

A MR. PORTER was among the heaviest winners at a recent California horse-race, and ever since then his friends invariably meet him with the remark: "Porter, how's stakes?"

THE Boston musical critics find fault with Madame Essipoff's playing. If Beethoven and Mozart were to materialize and give concerts, the Hub wiseacres would probably have something to say about their want of *technique* and execution.

THE Boston Traveller rises to remark, that the best part of the hand-organ is the stops. Now, to PUCK's thinking, the refrain is the altogether preferable feature.

DR. SCHLIEMANN's recent order on a London hardware house for two hundred crowbars is gratifying evidence that he intends to continue his successful labors in the ancient city of Priam.

"WHEN you are warmly tucked in bed, and congratulate yourself upon your excellent mattress, think what kind of bedding your horses, cattle and dog have." This is the advice given by a kind-hearted exchange, and we mean to follow it. If our dog should take it into his head to bark for a blanket, we'll just hand it over to him; if our horse should want to lie on a spring-mattress, and kick about not getting it, we'll give ours up to him, if it's the only one in the house, and if our cattle should suddenly manifest a desire to lie on feather-beds, they only need mention the subject, and they shall be accommodated forthwith. We won't be outdone by a country exchange, if we know ourselves.

## SHAMLEY.

## HIS WONDERFUL DISCOVERIES IN CENTRAL PARKRICA.

## HOW ABOUT THE SOURCE OF THE CROTONIKI?

## Does it Discharge its Waters into Newyork-cityki, or Doesn't It?

## THE HARLEM RIVERUZI AND HUDSONIZI.

## Remarkable Adventures and Terrific Encounters with the Natives.

It is with feelings of the deepest and most intense satisfaction that PUCK is enabled to place the public in possession of the latest intelligence from his daring special correspondent and explorer, ADAM SHAMLEY, who, in spite of almost insuperable obstacles, which would make one's hair stand on end to think about, has penetrated, at the risk of his precious life, into that wild region known as Central Parkrica. He likewise adds largely to our knowledge of the topography of the adjacent country, which up to the present time has been almost a *terra incognita*.

THE MALL-I MALL-I, March 26th, 1877.

Reaching Avenue C-uzi I found myself at the foot of a range of mud-hills, through which we had to struggle, sinking thirty or forty feet at every step. The natives of this region fare little better than we did in traversing the mountainous and swampy country. Their feet and legs are darker in color than their faces, attributable to the continual contact with the rich and black soil.

The language of the inhabitants is slightly different from that of Avenue A-uzi and B-uzi; but having now been so long exploring Newyorkika and Central Parkrika, I have become thoroughly acquainted with the genius and principle of construction of the various native tongues, and can understand to some extent even the dialects, but still am often very much puzzled. The most remarkable objects in the villages are huts on which is inscribed the legend "LAGER-BIER-I." I racked my already fevered brain to find out what this could mean, and now I have some clue. There can be little doubt that I am on the threshold of a discovery that will shake up the world considerably, and glorify the extraordinary enterprise of PUCK. Let me explain. We felt thirsty after emerging from the Mud-omi Mountains, and, as we never drink anything but water, I said, in the purest Newyorkika, to a native, "We-o wanti adrink-uzi." He replied in a harsh dialect, "Ish-i dot-o so-zi?" and pointed to a rather large hut with the inevitable "Lager-bier-i" inscription. We entered, and, according to the rigid etiquette of the country, knocked the native tables with our fists. This poetical and soul-stirring practice means that one wishes some water, and is supposed to have originated in the biblical legend of Moses-ilo or Aaron-ono, I forget which, striking rocks for water to quench the thirst of certain tribes under their charge. In a moment the drink was brought; we quaffed it joyously; and on examining its color, I shrieked a shriek of delight and cried, "Eureka!" Yes, the long hours, the days, the nights, the months, the years, the centennials, I had spent in trying to find out something were not then thrown away. What a wonderful mind I have! You will remember that some six months ago, when traveling in the lower regions of Manhattan-ika, I discovered that the Croton-iki flowed in the

Why is my flat nose flat?  
For it was Roman once.  
Because a fellow hit it hard  
And laid me up three "munce,"  
And mashed my new spring hat—  
This made my flat nose flat!



## THE VOICE OF HORACE GREELEY.

[THE medium employed by PUCK to obtain the opinions of the distinguished dead on current affairs, brings the following report from Horace Greeley, dated "Summer Land, March 30":]

HEAR the song of triumph rise,  
The flag of truce I see,  
As shines within fraternal eyes  
The light of jubilee.  
Henceforth the sound of strife shall cease,  
Where'er our rivers run,  
Our fallow soil the plow of peace  
Turns upward to the sun!

The bloody chasm shall yawn no more—  
Rebellion's dying bed—  
The Nation's bygone feuds are o'er,  
The Nation's hate is dead.  
Old foes are friends. For each has learned  
His brother was as brave;  
And baffled "master" has discerned  
The man within the slave.

I see them now. And all ablaze  
The old flag seems to be,  
When Hampton grasps the hand of Hayes,  
And Schurz the hand of Key!  
More luminous unto other lands  
Shines every glowing star,  
When Sherman beside Mosby stands,  
And Douglass with Lamar!

Oh, let the song of triumph rise!  
The starry flag float free,  
As shines within fraternal eyes  
The day of jubilee!  
And may the voice of discord cease  
Where'er our rivers run,—  
Our fallow soil the plow of peace  
Turns upward to the sun!

## POKER'S PICTORIAL POETS.



HE who called on me was a very bland man; he said he had just called to show me a few specimen plates of "Poker's Pictorial Poets." I said I was busy; but he assured me that he was in no hurry, and would sit down until it was convenient. I said I did not go in for much reading, and that books of that sort were not in my line; but he implored me just to glance at the illustrations he had with him, copied from the pictures of the most celebrated artists, and brought out in the best style. I admitted they were very handsome—too handsome for me. I could not afford such luxuries. Oh! but they were ridiculously cheap; monthly numbers only twenty-five cents each. I should not miss such a trifling expense; only the price of a good cigar; let him put me down as a subscriber, his list was just full, and I should never have another opportunity; numbers of people were seeking copies, but he heard of my taste for art and could not for my own interest allow me to lose such a chance—25 cts. a month—six cents a week—for the finest edition of the world's poets ever published! The illustrations alone were worth five times the money; he was afraid he was taking up my valuable time; just sign my name here; thanks; the first number will be round in a few days; he wished me a very good morning.

When he was gone I began to wonder how

I had been persuaded to put myself down for a subscription publication. I thought of going after him and canceling my order; but then, twenty-five cents a month, as he said, would not break me, and after all, a good edition of all the poems ever published was a nice thing to have; I should read each number as it came out, and so, by easy installments, acquire a knowledge of a branch of literature which I had somewhat neglected. For some days I was looking out for the first number; and then I had almost forgotten about it, when a stranger appeared with a parcel. He had come from Poker & Co. with the first number of the "Pictorial Poets." Twenty-five cents, please; he would call again next month. The book was about twelve inches long by eight wide, contained one large picture; very few pages; and the printing was large. I thought the latter an advantage; it would not be tiresome to the sight, but it would take a good deal to make a volume. They would be fine looking books if properly bound. I had not thought of the binding before. Oh, well, that would not be very expensive, as I could get them done separately, according as they were ready.

As regularly as clockwork, on the first Monday of every month, at eleven o'clock, the man came with a number. For the first six months or so I welcomed his appearance, but then somehow, when he came I found myself thinking that it was a very short time since his last visit; he appeared to come, too, always when I had no change about me or when I was particularly busy, and I began to catch myself muttering uncomplimentary things when I saw him, instead of bidding him good morning. Gradually I came to the conclusion that I regarded that man as a nuisance, and then as an enemy. He haunted me, he put me out of temper for some hours after each visit. As for the books, I soon gave up reading them, as they commenced with the Greek poets, and I contented myself with a mere glance at the illustrations. I offered to sell my interest at very moderate terms, but could not find any one to trade with. Everybody admired the work, and said, what a nice collection it would be when complete, but then I began to think it never would be complete.

The numbers became numerous as time went on. I used to leave them lying about, but it became monotonous rescuing them from the clutches of fire-lighting housemaids. I put them in a drawer; that soon got full; then my wardrobe was packed; the tops of presses would hold no more; the space under my bed contained only a certain number of cubic feet; my room became so full, that I had only a narrow lane from the door to my bed and thence to the washing-stand. I moved to more spacious lodgings, and had to get a special van for these confounded poets. For a while I had room to breathe, but my collection went on slowly, but surely increasing, and threatening eventually to crush me.

\* \* \* \* \*

Many years have passed; I am an old man now. I have had a few cheerful moments in my career, including the occasion upon which I subscribed toward the funeral expenses of the man whom I had seen year by year growing old, as he brought me my monthly numbers. But a young man took his place, and the same thing went on. Some years ago I thought of getting the "Poets" bound. I consulted a binder, and he offered to do the lot for three dollars a volume. I would have given him the contract, but that he asked for half-payment in advance, as he said he would have to employ a large additional staff; I suspect he read my thoughts about escaping out of the country.

But I have hit upon a plan. I shall dispose of my stock to a waste-paper merchant, bind-

ing him under penalty to have it re-made into paper, lest any stray leaves haunt me, wrapped about my butter. With the results of the transaction I shall retire into quietude; I shall destroy every future number the moment it reaches my hand, and enjoin my heirs for ever to do likewise; and if ever a book-cavasser intrudes upon my retirement, that book-cavasser's friends will see him no more.

## TROUBLE THAT IS NOT NEEDLELESS.

THE female girl of this decade has gallantly come to our rescue. If she wastes mysterious millions of pins, she makes up for it by contributing needles. Observe the curious process.

There is a distressing tariff on refined steel. The result of this is that needles cannot profitably be manufactured in this country in competition with the "pauper labor of the old world," you see; and so we have to look to other sources for our supply. Are we compelled to patronize the effete despotisms? Go to; we are not. Heaven helps those who help themselves. A bountiful provision has been made, by which we shall soon be able to supply ourselves without manufacturing a needle.

Nature works by grotesque methods. As, in those countries where there is no pasturage, and consequently no cows, a tree grows which yields the morning's supply of milk, so in our own free America has the high-tariff embargo been similarly circumvented. We might live if we were needy, but we could not get along so well if we were need'less; therefore this delicate implement is produced for us in the most mysterious manner.

Some eight years ago—about the time the prohibitory tariff was put on—a little girl in Salem, Massachusetts, suddenly developed a mechanical talent in this line. One Sunday morning she was seized with a violent itching on her neck, which soon became painful, and examination revealed a needle, coming out head first. It was drawn, and proved to be of good quality. Another, after the same preliminary symptoms, appeared in her arm, another in her shoulder, and others in various portions of her body. These were extracted. The strangest part of this curious narrative is that she has supplied the family and neighborhood with good needles regularly ever since.

Another useful creature broke out with needles shortly after in Maryland, and she had them bad. She emulated and even surpassed the Yankee girl. She worked night and day, only giving herself fifteen minutes for meals, and turned out a large pile—assorted sizes. They came regularly classified, sharps, betweens and blunts, and their eyes were clearly cut, just as if they had been made in a factory.

And now a Memphis girl of our species has been seized with a similar steel-eruption. The papers of the neighborhood are very much excited about it, and the fact that she is colored leads to the conjecture that this mechanical gift has been conferred on her race as a compensation for generations of slavery. Her father removes the needles with the pincers as fast as they show their heads, and she sheds them from her neck, arms, hands, nose, feet, knees and shoulder-blades, and expresses the liveliest satisfaction that she can contribute so much to the sartorial comfort of her section. Her sister has looked for other metallic articles, such as pins, thimbles, spoons and penknives, but the monotony continues. The creation even of needles exhausts the girl considerably; but nothing else is required of her, for her little brother catches them as they fall, and sticks them rapidly on papers ready for sale. He has suggested the attachment of a crank to his



little sister, so as to utilize her as a sewing-machine.

Here is a new and honorable occupation open to young women.

Let there be no monopoly.

There are no men in the business.

The sphere of women is enlarging.

If any young woman pines for the glorious privilege of toil, she need not write for the magazines, and have her articles rejected; she need not mount the consecrated rostrum; she need not graduate as a doctor or go to practicing law. On the contrary, quite the reverse; let her take some catnip tea to open her pores, and go into the needle business.

TUB.

### PUCK'S ESSENTIAL OIL OF ALBANY.

SENATE. MARCH 27TH.



THE "Omnibus" bill seemed to afford all the amusement the Senators required.

MR. BIXBY argued that the best man for a Superintendent of Buildings was one who knew nothing at all about them. Didn't a building fall in New

York, and the Superintendent wasn't on the spot to catch the bricks? *Ergo*, buildings couldn't fall if ward politicians could have the office by turns; and the less they knew about strength of materials, and bricks, and mortar, the better.

BIXBY, however, did not convert the Senate to his opinion.

MR. GERARD objected to Police Commissioners soiling their hands with street-cleaning.

MR. WOODIN guessed he could "fix" that, if they'd wait until to-morrow.

MR. GERARD said that Mr. Algernon S. Sullivan was a pure, unselfish, Democratic patriot, because he didn't object to the Counsel to the Corporation being Public Administrator. It was a pity there were not more like him.

MR. COWDIN moved that the Mayor clean the streets himself; he meant that he approve of all the contracts for doing so.

MR. SPINOLA thought that the Comptroller was the proper person to do the business.

ASSEMBLY. MARCH 27TH.

MR. FISH's bill for reducing salaries in various cities in the State was discussed. Every member, from every district, thought that all salaries in cities other than his own should be remorselessly cut down; but to touch his particular city—not much.

SENATE. MARCH 29TH.

The "omnibus" bill was passed, not without a good deal of strong language, which Puck scarcely thinks it necessary to repeat.

ASSEMBLY. MARCH 29TH.

MR. BAKER couldn't see what canal bridges wanted with \$40,000, but the bridge combination could see.

MR. MOLLER introduced a bill to prohibit officers or employees of any city in the State from receiving anything, that is to say, from acting as receivers. (Puck thinks the bill will pass when the millenium is about due.)

MR. STRAHAN reported from the Judiciary Committee, that stock gambling was a nice little amusement, and ought to be encouraged.

SENATE. MARCH 30TH.

MR. MORRISSEY's bill to allow the city of New York to have the control, management, and provide for the construction and repair of

the wharves, piers and bulkheads of New York city, was passed. (Puck is of opinion that there are many empty bulkheads and solid woodenheads in both the City Government and State Legislature that might be utilized for the above purposes.)

### OUR OWN AMERICAN AIMEE.

WHILE the spring bonnets come in with other Easter offerings too expensive to mention, Aimee goes out into the provinces with the consciousness of having helped to render Lent lighter for her Metropolitan admirers.

Ashes of roses mayhap were those with which she garnished the sackcloth of this community, but who shall say, after that exhibition of her prowess, that the queen of opera bouffe has not a mission as great as the erst queen of the rostrum, who succeeds her in the mirrored walls of the Eagle?

Aimee never elevated the drama to my knowledge; but then—more power to her!—how she has made life brighter to the average American and the casual foreigner! I like to see her fantastically treading the primrose path of metaphorical dalliance with Offenbach and Meilhac and Halevy, while, all the while, her sisters in art strive for the serious interest of the public, and never quite win the perennial allegiance which this delicious face-maker touches every time she opens her mouth, gives a side-glance and looks down, or raises at an acutely-delightful angle her impeccable slipper.

What is the secret of her power—is it the suggestion once made that she has learned in suffering what she lisps in song; is it because, as a Boston letter-writer remarked, she develops "the latent love within us," or is it only because she illustrates by the length of her stay among us a determination to live and die an American institution?

Great heavens! was it to perpetuate Aimee that our ancestors fought and bled and died in the revolution! Can it be possible that Washington never told a lie because he saw through the vista of generations that it would prevent Aimee being kept intact, and did Lafayette allow his heart to be enlisted because he knew that the triumph of the cause would insure the establishment on our shores of opera-bouffes yet unheard, and an Aimee yet unborn!

If the great struggle was directed to the maintenance of the cantatrice whom we have always with us, then we can understand much which the historians have left, like the parents of La Perichole, "*obscure! obscure!*" But do not let us waste our time in arriving at this understanding.

Let us gather our Aimee while we may, and be thankful that while Montaland and Irma and the rest were flying, she placed her foot on Plymouth Rock, entwined her soft arms around the flag-staff of our country, and winked permanently at the American Eagle.

When she dies (of a rose in aromatic pain, to the music of "Un Mari Sage") she should have a monument in the Congressional burying-ground, and on her fête day the Cambridge students and the California brokers should make devout pilgrimages thither, chanting "Flee as a Bird" and "*Dites Lui*" in reverential chorus.

But why should the adherence of Aimee to the Stars-and-Stripes be turned into a *blague*, when it is something which I have annually blessed the gods and Maitrice Grau for? Why should we dwell upon the fact that she is ours, and we forever hers, when sufficient for the day is the evil of her temporary absence in the provinces?

She will return caroling with tinkling cymbals and incense-wreathing clouds of salutation—I know she will.

After she shall have bound Boston with wreaths of roses, and whispered seductively into the ear of Providence, and perhaps let Buffalo long for one glance of her eye, she will plant her banner again upon the outer walls, and allow the bird of freedom to perch upon her little finger.

Au revoir, *Rose Michon La Perichole, Clair-ette, Margot*—au revoir, *la petite Marice!* We owe you a debt of gratitude that the pulsations of our hearts cannot repay, and as we go out from the Lent which you have flooded with golden sunshine to the bleak Easter reality of Dickinson and "A Crown of Thorns," we declare again—artful charmer of the land of the free and the home of the opera bouffe—that our sense of favors to come is particularly lively.

WALSINGHAM.

### Answers for the Anxious.

L. O. C.—If it be any comfort to have your question, whether your sketches are "good for nothing, or not," answered in the affirmative, that comfort shall not be denied you. Puck will always be pleased to look at your drawings; but you must choose more rational material than *N. Y. Sun* editorials, to derive inspiration from.

J. D. A.—Declined with thanks. Avoid punning. We keep punsters employed by the year for board, and have more applications for positions than we can find board for. Try some more remunerative style of humor, and let us hear from you again.

S. C. U.—Don't you think, candidly, we could better tell the value of your articles after you had given them to us to read? It is certainly asking too much if you expect us to go to Philadelphia on purpose to read the mss. you hold in possession, and after giving you an opinion, to return to our office duties. We must decline all contributions that are not sent in to us.

XAMPI.—Your first contributions have been returned; but do not let that deter you from writing to us again. Your writings have at least one merit; they show some thought, and it wouldn't be bad if others followed your example. But a wit, like a poet, is born, not made.

D. A. C.—Your lines beginning—

"I don't think you will blame me,  
For writing a word, just to show,"

are such that we don't think that you will blame us for writing these words to show that they're respectfully declined.

S. B.—Have editors no rights that writers are bound to respect? If we were to reprint a few chapters of Herbert Spencer's "*First Principles*," you probably would be the first to object, and yet you send us several yards of "humorous" matter just about as entertaining to the average reader. "Consistency, thou art a jewel."

C. T. S.—Your society sketch is not quite the thing. If Thackeray and Dickens hadn't spread themselves on the same subject, and almost as amusingly, your contribution might be eagerly seized as a novelty; as it is, it loses some of its lustre, and Puck shakes his head and whispers "No."

H. H.—If your poem, "Humor, and Human," were humorous, it might do; but all the hues in the language won't take the place of that one hue more.

M. E. C.—Your verses on the "Curious Kid" are not of that delicate, subtle, and refined calibre that Puck delights in. We never could see how a man with truly poetic ideas could make a rhyme on "sasp'rilla beer;" but then, tastes will differ, you know.

E. C.—Your "open pack of mental ideas," whatever that may mean, doesn't contain a card that can take a trick.





## CAUSERIE AND CENSURE.

DEAR PUCK:

I cannot conscientiously yield to your request to spread myself on "The Spring of '77."

I have just brushed the snow off my eight-dollar tile, and to say anything vernal about this most inernal weather would be too insincere.

Araminta has just observed that she hasn't known such a spring since the year—, but she has suddenly stopped short, as she doesn't want to go behind the returns.

You must have delayed mailing your letter, for you certainly couldn't have had any verdant feelings on the day of its date—unless you are greener than I have always supposed. I write this now, while the wind is whistling overhead, and Araminta is physicking me with cough-mixture. If the trees should be in full bloom, and the birds should be singing when you receive it, it will not be my fault; I have done my duty.

I am glad, at all events, that Lent is past. Not that it particularly interfered with me, but everybody else had so much to say about the glorious prospects of Easter, that I became perfectly feverish with anxiety for its arrival.

The Easter and the Eastern questions seemed to divide general attention.

I have grown weary trying to follow the reports of the latter. Bulgarian atrocities have lost their stirring effect upon me. There is no excitement in the name of Gen. Ignatieff, and even "disturbances in Semendria" and "negotiations with Montenegro" fall flat upon my unimpressible soul.

So when these subjects fail me, what shall my imagination conjure up, instead?

How despotic is the fate of a contributor! Not even the weather offers him surcease from toil. No postponement on account of rain, hail or snow.

It is certainly an established fact that the human mind is subject to atmospheric influences. I know that when the sun shines, and the air is balmy, my heart grows light and I feel like embracing the whole world, beginning with Araminta; but when the sky is overcast, or the air is foggy, and the sidewalks wet and muddy, my spirit assumes a similarly demoralized condition, and I wonder why I was ever born; and not even Araminta can solve that question to my satisfaction.

But there can be no postponement of intellectuality in consequence. Like photographs, ideas must be taken in rain or shine.

So, my dear Puck, though I certainly must beg to be excused from waxing warm over the weather (especially as I have too severe a cold for that, even were the subject an inviting one), if need be, I am prepared to unlace the stays of my imagination on most anything else.

Suppose you let me gush, wildly and indiscriminately. When I don't know what else to do, I gush. Even a man with a sore throat can gush, when he needn't open his mouth.

I have a *penchant* for the stage; why not let me gush in that direction?

Not that there are many things to gush over; but when you are talking about an actress, you can throw in such a lot of adjectives, and they won't seem out of place.

And, in connection with actresses, I am reminded that Miss Ada Dyas, of Wallack's Theatre, is now attracting great attention.

An actress glories in reputation.

But I don't think, if I were she, I should at

the present writing take any especial pride in having my name crowded into every possible article on the disappearance of Mr. Hall, or seeing my full-length portrait in any of the illustrated newspapers.

And I feel pretty certain that Miss Ada Dyas doesn't.

I even feel a little bit of the indignant taking possession of my peaceful nature, and a glow of vindictiveness coloring the bald spot at the back of my head, when I contemplate the liberal spirit of the press that abuses its power, and drags the name of a lady of high standing, intrinsic worth and education into print, to gratify the appetites of a few depraved scandal-seeking readers.

Why, I may disappear to-morrow.

Araminta has even suggested, in a pettish mood, that she wished I would.

Who knows but that I may number among my acquaintances (and I say it even defying the probability of Araminta's reading my words after they are written) one of the most charming actresses of the stage?

You would like to know her name?

Of course, you would. But I don't intend to tell you. Do you think, after I have disappeared, I should like to read that Miss— had been interviewed concerning my whereabouts. Not that she would, by any possibility, be able to give any clue; but, being an actress, and living a hundred lives a year, all the kindly sympathy she might have shown towards an ordinary mortal who only lives one, would make a delightful column or two of romance for your perusal.

But I fail to see it.

Having taken you so far into my confidence as to tell you that I have an intimate acquaintance behind the footlights, I might go still further and tell you that I have two or three. I have gushed over them all. If they were ever to show the letters that they had received from me in inspired moods, I dread what the consequences might be to us all, after I had disappeared.

And yet, if there is any youth who dares come forward and tell Araminta that my outside affections are not purely platonic, I shall, I shall—well, my frenzied feelings will take their own course, as I don't know what I shall do.

Gush, when it is put on paper, is dangerous. No ungushing man can properly appreciate written rapture. It is the misfortune of genius that, when it discovers responsive sympathy, it becomes extravagant in its adjectives. There is more sympathy for genius on the stage than in any other profession, and there are more extravagant adjectives thus generated than are consistent with studied discretion.

Especially in an age of disappearances.

But why, in days like these, where intellect seems to be gradually usurping petty prejudice and shallow formalities, should he who qualifies a social companionship with terms different from those that apply to real estate, or roast-mutton, be flung into type, to have his sentiments diagnosed by a thousand ignorant quacks?

Only a man like myself, who has reveled in the luxury of an occasional gush, can feel as deeply as I.

A fellow-feeling makes us wondrous kind.

Mine is that fellow-feeling, and one of these days I am going to revenge the outraged sentiments of the lady who has been illustrated and letter-pressed so recklessly in all the papers of the day.

But all this has nothing to do with the weather, and—well, I never said it had.

Seriously yours,

SILAS DRIFT.

P.S.—You may be surprised at this sudden development of the heroic in my nature; but

when the weather fails, and ordinary sensations of the hour fall as flat as flounders, how can a man keep his vigor alive unless he nerves himself to something fiery?

S. D.

## PUCK'S STAGE SKETCHES.

## II.

"A PICTURE OF CONTEMPORANEOUS HUMAN INTEREST."

WE have all learned to admire the metropolitan leading lady, whose brilliancy as an artist is only equaled by her brilliancy as a diplomatist, whose ability in playing parts is only approached by her ability in procuring those parts to play.

Our leading lady keeps an author in her employ.

He is the great American author, of contemporaneous human interest!

Our leading lady kindly permits his name to figure at the head of her theatre, and lets him shine by the lustre of her genius.

She is the greatest light at present on the American stage. She is the Rosalind of Rosalinds, the Pauline of Paulines, and the Mabel Renfrew of Mabel Renfrews.

In fact, so great is her splendor that no minor luminaries can endure in her vicinity. It is thus that little stars are occasionally shot forth from her realm into other theatrical firmaments, where they set up an independent twinkling, striving—need we say, in vain?—to eclipse our great refulgent orb.

It isn't every orb, either, that can handle such a full-fledged satellite with the grace, subtlety, and yet with that vigor and sweep, as does our translucent orb her satellite author-manager.

There is no living author, or manager either, who could so appreciate a leading lady's greatness, and succumb to her lustre, as does this one. He has been properly trained. His mind runs in the groove that she assigns for it. His brain produces the works that she becomes inspired with. Indeed, it is but rarely, in a world so full of conflicting sentiments and rebellious natures, that we find two souls so harmonious in all things as these two souls, or rather, as this one great soul with another little one in its grasp!

The leading lady of this leading theatre, the leading attraction in the leading American drama, the leading motor of a leading genius—long may the heroine, whom we have chosen to depict, continue to hold sway, and glory in her proud eminence; while he, her obedient spirit, yields to her greatness and—circumstances over which he has no control.

BOOTH'S THEATRE was closed for seven nights preceding the production of *Virginius*. His Eminence Cardinal Tooker says he would not allow performances during Holy Week. Isn't this excuse rather, if not wholly, weak?

BROTHER MOODY has at last achieved the crowning glory of his life. He has converted a newspaper reporter. Any man capable of that feat is worthy of universal awe.

If all physicians were to follow the example of Dr. Raphael, in Cincinnati, who killed himself for having caused the death of several patients, there wouldn't be such an overstock of M.D.'s in the market.

It is said that the Kiralfys are to produce Jules Verne's "Michael Strogoff" at Booth's next season; and in anticipation of the demand, Scribner has had a new edition of the novel Strogoff.





A LEADING LADY.

A PICTURE OF "CONTEMPORANEOUS HUMAN INTEREST."





"...Such a Cabinet—a  
slave-hound Cabinet—to pi-  
lot this ship, tossed on the  
hot indignation of twenty  
million Northerners and the  
tireless hate of ten millions  
at the South!"

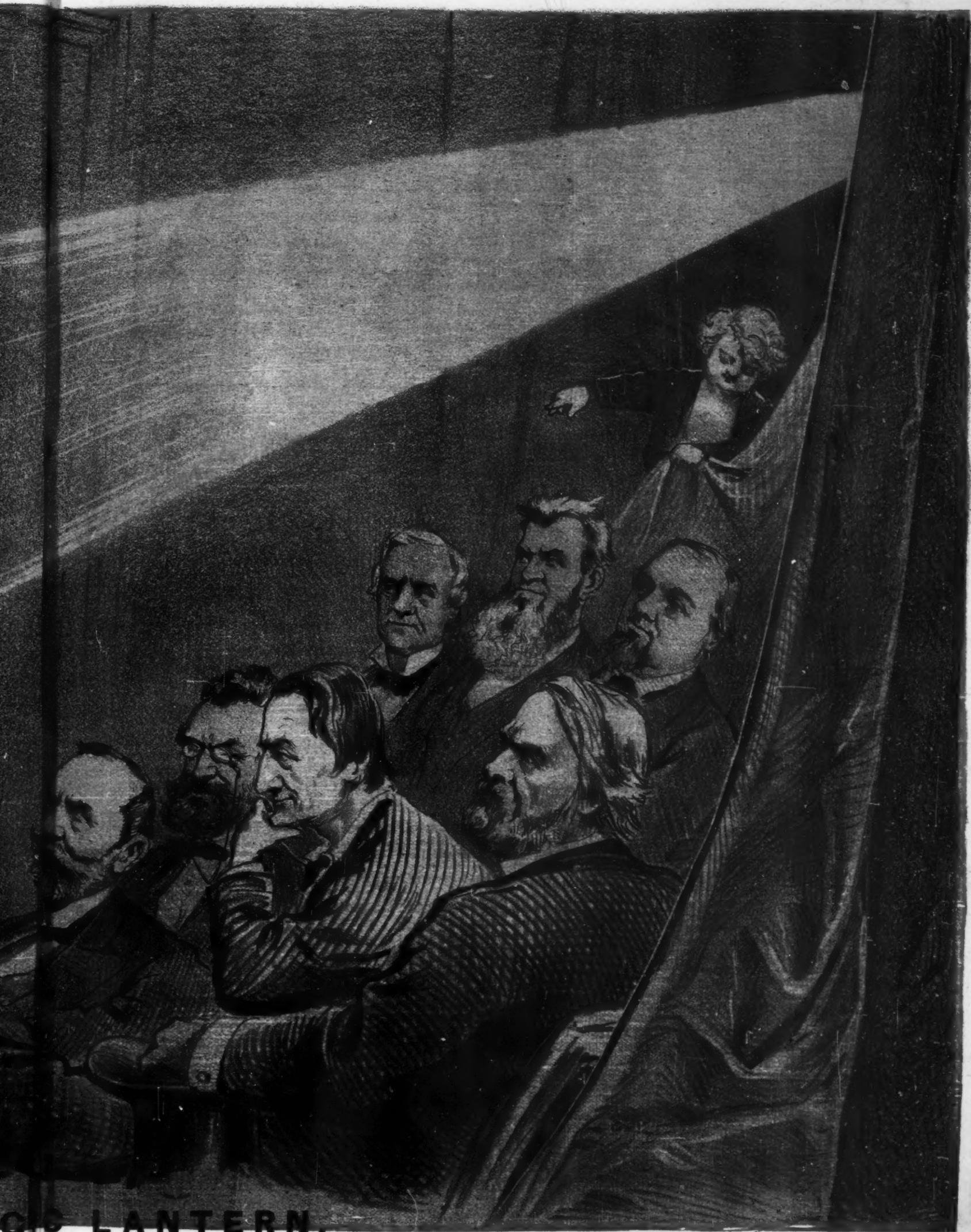
WENDELL PHILLIPS.

J. K. KUPPER

PUCK'S MAG

Down to the "Slave-hound Cabinet": He's not such a danger





**GIO LANTERN.**

gerous fellow after all, if you only look at him in the right light.



## A SECRET PAIN.

WHEN in the eve of a turbulent life,  
Sighing, weeping, alone,  
Thoughts of the days of cruel strife  
Arise and bid us atone,  
Do we not breathe with every sigh,  
"Oh, it is good, the end is nigh?"

When, as the sun, in his splendor rare,  
Sinks to a glorious rest,  
He turns his face from a day of care,  
Do we not feel 'tis best;  
Do we not think that beyond the light  
Joy may come with the calm of night?

Ah, it may be that this heart of mine,  
Knowing a secret pain,  
May yearn for a kindred heart, for thine,  
But yearn for that heart in vain;  
For not all hearts have gained belief  
From being taught by a secret grief.

And if thou hast never known the calm,  
Born of a changeless grief,  
Nor felt the subtle, mystic balm,  
That whispers a sweet relief,  
In the endless peace of the end at last,  
Thou never hast lived my tearful past.

For mine is a deep and constant pain,  
A cruel, endless ill;  
For years I've striven, alas! in vain,  
To settle a tailor's bill.  
And those units and tens my life has galled,  
Until I've grown to be old and bald.

And thus do I feel with every sigh,  
Joy at the coming end,  
And watch the sun as it leaves the sky  
With the love of a far-off friend.  
For the life is crushed that has felt the chill  
Of a fierce, unconquered tailor's bill.

## OUR WIFE IN PROSPECTU.



IN TUPPER'S *Proverbial Philosophy*, article "Marriage," I discovered this poetic inspiration:

If thou art to have a wife of thy youth, she is now living upon the earth; therefore, think of her, and pray for her weal, yea, though thou hast not seen her.

You see, of course, the tender charm of the conceit. Somewhere in the world—it may be in your neighbor's house; it may be across three thousand miles of ocean—unknown to you, unseen, perhaps, there is living, learning, expanding, a human soul, existing for you, developing itself for you, through joy and sorrow, hope and fear, peace and pain, progressing towards a perfect consummation of growth in union with you. A flower destined for you from its earliest germination, increasing in beauty of fragrance, form, and color, that it may blossom at last for you.

One moment—one single moment!

Let us look at this matter in the clear light of actuality and arithmetic. Let us see how all this poetry applies to my cause, for instance.

I am not ready to marry at present. My hair is growing prematurely thin in front; time is beginning early to snatch me bald-headed, but I am not ready to admit any other interest into my life till I have seen PUCK in a fat and comfortable middle age. At present, all my energies are devoted to guiding the youthful steps of that precocious, but healthy, infant; but in five or six years more, we will say, I may

bring my depilated cranium into the matrimonial market.

Then I shall look out for a wife of sixteen. I have Gallic ideas on this subject: I believe in breaking them in early.

Now then, whom am I to think of? for whose weal am I to pray? Let's see.

If my bride-elect is sixteen five or six years hence, she is now a small girl of eleven or twelve.

The deuce!

Five or six years is a fearful discount on a poetic ideal.

A scraggy, anæmic, awkward, hoydenish, hoop-trundling little wretch of eleven. A girl all shoulder-blades, thin legs and arms, and disproportionately big feet and hands. A girl with hair like jute fibre, and with no perceptible eyelashes. A girl who loves things that are "awful nice," and hates people who are "real mean." A girl who may be the Venus di Medici at sixteen, but whose beauty is at present invisible in embryonic pinafores.

And this is the bud for whose blossoming I am to wait; this is the flower I am to pluck in the garden of Hymen for my bachelor boutonniere.

Not exactly.

Not any in mine, thank you. Give it to that other romantic youth over there.

I see her with the eye of imagination; I see her going to school with a net-work satchel on her arm, containing three books, one slate and a large lunch-box.

I shudder at the thought, but let us open that lunch-box—my wife's lunch-box.

One big apple; two of Pursell's tarts; six bonbons that have been carried in her pocket two days, and that look it; seven slate pencils, one piece of chewing-gum and a bow of cardinal red ribbon.

Mrs. O'Hara, in the happy honeymoon six years ahead, the remembrance of these big apples, slate pencils and chewing-gum will knock some of the romance out of our felicity.

I imagine her at home, the household-fairy—a fairy with a strident voice, nicely sharpened by promiscuous choral singing at the Sunday-school, where she is accustomed to wanting to come to Jesus, villainously out of tune. She pipes through the house: "Ma! m' I g' out 'n' play with Susie Smith?"

I see her promenading with Miss Susie Smith, another tow-haired, pasty-cheeked, thin-legged maiden of twelve. They entwine their pipe-stem arms; they whisper ridiculous secrets in each other's ears; they overflow with gawky affection for ten minutes, and then they have a fight. Mrs. O'Hara that is to be scratches the face of Miss Smith, and is led away by an excited maternal to the first convenient place of retirement.

In another minute my future wife will be spanked by my prospective mother-in-law.

The wife of an O'Hara spanked!

Let us draw a veil over the painful scene. Only don't ask me to think of her and pray for her weal just at present, for I am sure she deserves it.

For a man of a susceptible and poetic nature, I wouldn't advise a strict adherence to Mr. Tupper's advice. In such a case like that I have described it might cause trouble in the family after marriage.

This kind of thing, by way of example, would be an unpleasant reproach.

"Amanda, you have always failed to realize the beautiful ideal upon which I had fed my soul." (I think this is the correct phrase in this connection; if you don't feed your soul with ideals, you enthrone them in your heart, or worship them in silence, or do the metaphorical with them somehow.) "You have never met the requirements of my spirit. When I was pour-

ing out my yearning prayers for your weal, six years before our wedding day, you were writhing under the parental slipper. There has never been a community of feeling between us."

But with regard to the general public, perhaps, it would be as well if every man kept the hymeneal altar steadily at view.

It would save some erratic steering.

The average man may know that a wife is among the possibilities which the future holds in store for him; but so far as I can see, he doesn't act as if he knew it.

That is, if my deductions are correct. Perhaps, however, a little ante-matrimonial economy in fuel is necessary to keep alive the fire of virtue in a man's breast. Women are better equipped than men in morality.

And then to see rehearsal spoils the play.

Take fate in her due season. Shut your eyes, young man; wait in patience the appointed hour; trust to luck and the eternal verities, and don't worry about it beforehand.

P. O'HARA.

## A BOLD BURGLARY.

It was a wild and mysterious robbery, and, under the circumstances, it was no wonder it wasn't found out.

"Jane," said Mrs. Van Shoddy to her maid, "I have a hundred thousand dollars' worth of jewels in this room. In order that they may be quite safe, lay them about on the dressing table and the chairs." "Yes, ma'am," answered Jane, with a curtsy; "and as an extra precaution I will leave some of them in the drawers locked up, and I will also leave the key in the lock."

Having satisfied themselves that all was safe, the lady and her maid left the room and proceeded below, where they encountered the coachman. "John," said the lady, "as there is an enormous amount of valuable property upstairs, kindly arrange to have all the servants below at the same time, and all the guests being at dinner, we may consider the house and one hundred thousand dollars' worth of jewelry quite safe."

"Bill," said the first burglar, "if we borrow two long ladders of the builder, and walk up to the mansion with 'em and put 'em up agen the bedroom window, it ain't likely as anybody 'll see us. Come on. That's right. Now put the ladders firm, and just go in and bring the jewels out. You can take half-an-hour, because it's nothing unusual for not a soul to be about upstairs in a house with fifty people in it. Got the lot? All right! We'll go and buy the tickets for Boston and go home."

"You see," said the detective, "we're on the track, but it's such a difficult case. You see, they got two ladders and carried 'em through the town and along the avenue, and there's so few people would notice two men getting into a lady's bedroom window, and the police in the neighborhood of course can't find out how they got the ladders, and nobody can imagine anybody in the house was 'in it;' so, you see, it's a mysterious affair. *But we're on the track.*"

The *Herald*, March 8th, 1880: "The last set of jewels in the country was stolen this morning from the owner's house in broad daylight. Two policemen were in the room at the time, as well as the coachman and housemaid, but they noticed nothing particular. The detectives are, however, on the track."



## Two Knaves and a Queen.

AN ENGLISH STORY.

### CHAPTER I.

SHE promised him, in the last words she was ever to breathe into the beloved ear, that she would stay within doors on this morning; and see, here amidst the rushing and roaring and raving-mad mob, she is struggling fiercely to catch sight of him as he marches past.

There is a wicked, senseless farce to be acted out away there in the East, and the overture these soldiers play is "The Girl I left behind me;" farce and music are both a bitter sarcasm. The men pretend they are marching to glory with lively hearts, and the tears trickle down the little drummer's cheeks as he rattles away at his drum. "I will return safe home again," sing the fifes. It is a lie! You will fight and starve and weep your heart's blood; but never, never more shall you return.

The poor women are not cheated by these fine colors and lively strains. They see through the deceit; for has it not been their blameless fraud to smile with aching hearts, to whisper words of cheer when hope was dead—they who have watched by the deathbeds of sons and husbands and fathers? The spirited march is in their ears the most pathetic mournful dirge, never again to be heard without tears.

Paul Biron must have suspected that his wife would break her word, for his eye scans the thousands of faces turned towards him as he steps along—seeing all, seeing none, until he catches sight of her dear eyes. Her arms are uplifted, her face is ashen, her white teeth are clenched, her eyes are wild—she is fainting. Paul steps aside quickly towards her from the ranks; but a comrade, laying a kindly hand upon his arms, says, "You can do no good, sir. Fall in. So. You're not the only one who suffers." Paul falls into his place, takes up the step mechanically, and drops his chin upon his breast, for his heart is numbed. Presently he turns to catch one last glimpse. No, no; she is gone! He has seen her for the last time: never upon earth will those two see each other again. He will return no more to the girl he leaves behind him.

A thoughtless lad of eighteen, Paul had excited his father's anger, and been turned out of a luxurious home to get his living in the world as he best might. Gregory Biron heard no tidings of his son Paul until, when rumors of war were current, there came to him a note written in an unknown feminine hand, telling him that his son was a private in the 100th Foot, with yet two years of unexpired service, and imploring him to come speedily to the assistance of his unhappy daughter-in-law, Beatrice Biron.

Long since the testy old gentleman had repented his harshness; and now he at once did what he could to redress the wrong he had done his son. But Paul would not have been bought out had it been possible to obtain his discharge. He had acted freely in everything, even to the crime of marrying; and he felt bound, by the honor of a soldier and a gentleman, to abide by the consequences of his act. He was no craven; but he was selfish, as men are, and thought perhaps that he only was making the sacrifice. Until he was actually in receipt of marching orders, he did not realize that the real martyr was his poor little wife, and that the greatest heroism on his part would have been to retire from a position which exposed him to brief pain, but her to lasting misery.

He fell amongst the first in the battle of the Alma. But to the grimy Russian, who shot a bullet into him belongs a twofold glory; for he sped death away over the blue seas to fair-

haired, blue-eyed Beatrice, the wife of Paul. She had filled up her husband's pocket-book with envelopes addressed to herself. Several of these she had received, with letters in them, which carried sunshine to the poor heart. She would suffer none to open his letters but herself, though her trembling fingers had scarce ability to tear the envelope, such joy possessed her. The last one she was ever to have was very thin, seemed but a scrap of paper in the envelope, "Never mind," thought she; "if he has time to send me only two or three words I am grateful." It contained the leaf of a pocket-book. There was a deep blood-stain right across it, and a smear as though one had tried to wipe away the mark. Still the pencil-writing was his, and that gave the poor wife hope and strength to read her death-warrant. Thus ran the few words, in characters that straggled towards the end:

"Farewell, my darl—"

"Farewell!" she echoed, and sank upon the floor.

As soon as her condition was known, a doctor was sent for; but the last breath left her body before she could see the son to whom she had given birth.

### CHAPTER II.

I THINK that Gregory Biron's best natural quality was candor. He had no concealed vices. They all lay upon the surface like corks upon a stream—rather more noticeable when the waters were ruffled, but there for all men to see in the calmest time. You might see the whole man in as short a space as it will take to read these words. He was tall, spare, straight for a man of sixty; hook-nosed, thin-lipped, clean-shaven; neat, exact, aristocratic; irascible, overbearing, tyrannical.

He was proud of himself and his belongings. He was J. P., and contested a seat in Parliament. His house was the largest, best situated, and most ugly in Berkshire; and the grounds about it, sloping down to the Thames, were the most beautiful of all between Henley and Goring. His horses and his hounds, his gardener, and everything that was his, were all calculated to make his neighbors break the tenth commandment. His wife was the beauty of the county whilst she was young, and he loved her better than his horse; when her charms faded he loved her less. Had it been customary, he would have sold her. Alas for her, it was not customary; so they lived together unhappily. As age crept upon him, he became querulous and ill-tempered. He quarreled with every one. He disputed with his wife until death, by removing her, closed the argument. He quarreled with his sons when their opinions and will ceased to be flexible. It is easy to bend an oak while it is a sapling; but after a time you may strain your muscles and hurt your fingers grievously in the vain attempt to bend it and make it grow downwards from the light. There was a period of fierce contention, and then both sons left home. Anthony, the elder of the two, married a Gascon lady, and settled down with his wife's relations in the south of France. What became of Paul has been briefly shown. Thus Gregory Biron was left alone in the big house at Riverford.

But his temper was too stubborn to be materially affected by circumstances. His loss did not teach him humility; he was too conceited to learn anything. He made acquaintances for the purpose of getting some one to quarrel with; and he played whist for the delight of beating his antagonist, or flinging sarcasms at his unfortunate partner. If his partner were impervious to sarcasm, then Gregory would wilfully lose the odd trick, or trump his partner's best card.

He had a great deal of natural affection, but

it was for himself alone. It was not affection for Paul that impelled him to his assistance. He felt that he was doing a noble and magnanimous action in forgiving his son and going to the assistance of his wife; and that pleased him. He had old-fashioned notions about the glory of the service, and it gratified his pride to have a son in the army. He was delighted when Paul declined to accept a release from service; and his deepest regret when his son fell was that he had not died an officer.

Poor Beatrice, in that little time between her husband's departure and her death, was cared for to a degree which would have troubled her had not her mind been occupied with anxious thought for some one other than herself. Gregory loaded her with presents, and carried her to Riverford, where a suite of rooms was especially prepared for her reception. He bought a pair of ponies and a phaeton for her, and insisted upon her driving, for the benefit of her health and the gratification of his vanity. Of the former he spoke much; of the latter little. Beatrice was very pretty and interesting, and visitors innumerable were drawn to Riverford by curiosity and pity and that sort of thing. Servants were devoted to her especial wants, and they left her nothing to do but to weep. They did everything for her but the one thing she wanted. Ah, who could bring comfort to her, poor little wife?

Gregory celebrated the death of his son and his son's wife in the advertising columns of the *Times*; in hatchments and feathers and hatbands, and a broken column with a fine inscription, and all the accompaniments and means to boot which art and the refined tastes of this age of culture suggest.

The child to whom Beatrice in dying gave birth lived, was healthy, and grew apace. A mother was found for him, and in due course he was christened Hugh. The grandfather was delighted: the boy gave him a thousand opportunities of alluding to his dear son who fell at the Alma fighting the Russian. Wherever he went he took Hugh with him; for the boy was stalwart and sturdy, and was as pretty as an infant Adonis. Of Gregory's acquaintance the ladies all—excepting those who had children less charming of the same age—were delighted with his grandson, and petted him less only than he was petted by his grandfather. The men hated the boy, and left the room to the old man, the child, and the women as quickly as possible. Gregory chuckled, and saw envy in their palpable dislike to the boy.

Long before Hugh knew what a soldier was, he was told that he one day should be one, and he fell in pretty readily with the disposition. When Gregory was showing the child off, he would say, "Now, my boy, tell us what you are going to be when you grow a man." And the child would answer, without taking from his mouth the fruit or sweetmeat which was the preliminary bribe, "Toldier, an' fight a Yussians."

Gregory bought him miniature weapons, and was convulsed with merriment when he fought for liberty at bedtime, and slashed right and left at his nurse. The servants cursed young master in secret; for it was forbidden them to correct him, and he led them a dreadful life. After his successful combat with the nurse, Hugh exercised his skill with the sword upon the legs of the footman, and found the result so amusing, that he made those dainty limbs his favorite butt; and such knowledge does experience beget, that he found it much less effective to strike upon the swelling calf than on the unprotected shin; and to that portion of Thomas's anatomy he applied himself so constantly, and with such application, that Thomas fled the unequal fight, "one mass of bruises from here right down to there."



It was a day of mingled delight and disappointment when Gregory took his grandson to London to see soldiers and a pantomime. They reached Whitehall in time to see the trooping of the colors. The old gentleman was all eagerness. He had anticipated for many days the flash of excitement that would light up his valiant little grandson's face when he saw in reality the soldiers he had so long emulated. Hugh was not eager, but apprehensive. He had a vague sense of a retributive judgment, and considered what the result might be if the soldiers took to lashing him as he had lashed the servants.

There was a crowd collected in the square around the soldiers, who were just about to march, and Gregory Biron had to lift his grandson up to see the grand sight. The boy was heavy and limp; his chin was twitching. At the moment he caught sight of the red-coated men they were raising their rifles to salute, whilst simultaneously the drums rolled and the band blared out. Hugh screamed with terror. There was an ensign with a sword, whose face was exactly like that of Thomas, the ex-footballer. The child struggled frantically as he screamed, and the grandfather, fearing to drop him, held him tightly. The soldiers stepped forward, and Hugh furiously attacked his grandfather's face with his clenched fists. Gregory dropped him quickly, and the boy, finding himself released, took to his heels; nor could the old gentleman catch him until he was brought to bay a policeman in Pall Mall.

The pantomime was a great success; but when, some time after, Gregory, before company, put the old question, "What will you be, my boy, when you grow up?" the little chap replied, "Clown at a featre; that's what I'll be."

After this Gregory thought it high time that the boy's education should be attended to.

Between his seventh and tenth year Master Biron had many tutors—a dozen or more. At first young men were engaged, but they would not endure slavery under Hugh's dispensation. Then Gregory tried old men, thinking, not illogically, that they must be less independent than younger and stronger tutors; but though they were not wanting in humility and submission, they were physically incapable of enduring such practical inconveniences as their pupil designed for their discomfort. As a last resource, a middle-aged man was selected, and it seemed as though he really understood the business before him.

Mr. Silas Fox never lost his temper. He smiled at all times. The most trivial and the most important actions of his life were conducted smilingly. It concealed every other expression of the face from casual observers; nevertheless his smile was in itself capable of many varieties of expression. His disposition appeared to correspond with the serenity of his facial appearance. Every action seemed to be the suggestion of a perfectly impartial judgment, and the logic that overspread his actions obscured the motive which prompted them. When, for an instance, he explained to Gregory Biron, on the first evening of his engagement, the origin of chilblains, and the serious consequences they entailed upon children, suggesting that soft woollen slippers during those winter months would be more healthful and pleasant to Master Biron than boots of solid leather, the grandfather had no suspicion that the new tutor had been having his shins kicked by Hugh in the afternoon, and was therefore greatly interested in the substitution of a soft for a hard casing to the young gentleman's toes. A fool would have bared his bleeding shin to the delight of that wicked, cruel, old gentleman, and have obtained no redress. But Mr. Fox was not a fool; and the next day Hugh had no terror in his foot.

Hugh disliked his tutor the first day he saw

him. But this was not surprising; he disliked slaves of all kinds intuitively, and without discredit to himself. In this country, who will be slaves deserve to be despised. Hugh would have kept no slave of a tutor had his wishes been consulted. Any but a slave could have ruled the boy and earned his love.

Master Biron, indeed, began to feel respect for his new tutor, when, after some experience, he found that, sooner or later, Mr. Fox always managed to get the best of a bargain and have his own way. When his tutor advised him to do a thing, Hugh did it; but he hated Mr. Fox nevertheless, and longed for the day to come when he should go to school.

And now Gregory Biron suffered the infirmities that age brings: exercise was unpleasant to him; he could not eat, nor drink, nor sleep, with his former disregard of circumstances and conditions. But though his physical powers were fading, his mental faculties were as bright and active as ever.

It was the phosphorescent glow that accompanies decay.

His ailments increased rather than diminished the acerbity of his mind, and he would have relished beyond everything the pleasures of society, had society possessed a like relish for him. Acquaintances—friends he had none—discontinued to call upon him, and were never at home when he called upon them. This estrangement was very inscrutable to the old gentleman; it was less so to Mr. Fox, who saw how materially it affected his position with Gregory. Every day he became more necessary to him. When he was not in a punt upon the river fishing, Gregory was within doors enjoying the company of Mr. Fox, who played piquet and backgammon with him, and read aloud when desired. Gregory liked the stormy debates and the *Saturday Review*, and occasionally a chapter or two from Swift or Sterne. Mr. Fox certainly did his utmost to please his employer, which is indeed a servant's duty. He knew a little law, and by reference to the parish archives he discovered certain rights with regard to fishing, shooting, felling of timber, etc., which Gregory was lawfully entitled to exercise. It is true those rights exercised could do Gregory no earthly good, and would cause considerable annoyance to his neighbors; but then Gregory could stop their enjoying a privilege to which they had no right. A dozen notice-boards were forthwith affixed to the property. It was forbidden to fish beyond a certain part; shooting was strictly prohibited over an acre of scrubby, barren land, where game was never seen; and the police had strict orders to take into custody any person or persons found trespassing thereon. A fine avenue of trees, which bounded an adjoining estate, was felled; a footway was stopped.

The gentlemen of the neighborhood were violently angry, and wrote to remonstrate. This delighted old Biron, and he set Mr. Fox to compose answers, gentlemanly, sarcastic, legal, in which task that gentleman succeeded to his employer's entire satisfaction. "They're as good as the *Saturday*; capital!" cried the old gentleman, rubbing his hands gleefully.

Mr. Fox was hated generally by all who knew him, and the people affected by Gregory's spite saw the tutor's hand in these works. Sir Humphrey Clinker, of the adjoining estate, got over the wire-fence that divided his from Gregory's domain, scrambled over the felled timber, pulled Mr. Fox's nose, and then gave him a kick. Mr. Fox went home smiling.

"Very pleasant man, Sir Humphrey Clinker," said he.

"I never found him very pleasant," growled Gregory.

"I thought that."

"Why?"

"He was speaking about pulling your nose."

"Curse his impudence! Where did you meet him?"

"Walking through your fields."

"My fields?"

"Yes. That made it seem odd that he should speak so unkindly. Perhaps he objects to having the timber cut."

"I'll put a stop to his walking over my fields. What can I do to him, hey? Bring an action for trespass."

"The law requires that the trespasser shall be first warned. He has not been warned."

"Then what shall I do?"

"There is only a wire-fence between the two estates."

"I'll have a great ditch cut."

"A wall would be less expensive. It is true his windows look on to that part of the grounds, and a wall is unpleasant to the eye."

"Then I will have a wall built. It shall be eight feet high."

"Common bricks; yellow bricks would be almost too ugly."

"Not a jot. They shall be the yellowest bricks. I never go near the place. I'll make him repent his insolence."

"Of course, you would not insult him by—" Mr. Fox paused, and shook his head with a smile.

"Wouldn't I, though! Go on, Fox; go on! What the deuce are you shaking your head and grinning like a cat for?"

"I was thinking how annoying it would be if the top of the wall were protected with broken bottles."

"By George, a splendid idea! I will have every beer-bottle in the place broken up and stuck on the top, with the red labels turned to his windows."

By a dozen acts of this kind did Mr. Fox gratify his own feelings and render himself invaluable to his employer. He knew all Gregory's affairs, and by degrees took into his hands the whole executive management of his estate; and when, at length, he considered that his position was certain and safe, he set about relieving himself of that small but tiresome incubus, Master Biron.

To have suggested to Gregory the advisability of sending the boy away to school would have caused him to keep Hugh at home; for it delighted the old gentleman to displease his best friend equally with his worst. Mr. Fox proceeded differently, knowing how ardently Hugh desired to leave home, he affected to believe otherwise, and would say to the lad, "My dear young master, if you run over your good grandfather's flower-borders again, I must tell him; and then possibly he will send you away to a boarding-school, where you will have no kind grandfather to take care of you, and where the ushers will be less attentive to your educational requirements than I am." Of course, Hugh trampled over every flower-bed in the garden after that; and under similar instigation he tied pots to the tails of domestic creatures, fired crackers in the drawing-room, half killed the cook by strewing peas on the stairs—she had over-peppered the soup, although she knew Mr. Fox did not like pepper—and finally gave a prize Scotch colley to the son of Sir Humphrey Clinker.

"The boy ought to have been sent to school a year ago. Look out a school, Fox," said Gregory.

Mr. Fox looked out a school, and himself took the boy to it, giving the master such instructions as would lead to the eradication of many vices which had been growing upon Hugh, all which had greatly discomforted his late tutor. Then Mr. Fox returned to Riverford with a sigh of relief and a smile of pleasure, and entered into his duties as secretary and steward to Gregory Biron.

(To be continued.)



## TOO GOOD-NATURED.

THEY had a fearful time over at Gadfly's one day last summer. "Old man Chirrup" came sauntering along, when he observed that Gadfly's front-gate was wide open to the street. In fact it was set to its farthest backward limits by the aid of a piece of stick.

Now Chirrup is one of those good-natured, benevolent souls, who are never at rest unless giving assistance to something or somebody. Several of his acquaintances say this is busy-body meddling, and that it would be very much better if he would attend to his own affairs, and let those of other people alone.

On this special occasion the old gentleman was bubbling all over, so to speak, with a consuming desire to render his valuable assistance, and he exclaimed "Ah!" hastening to replace the gate into its rightful position; "some wicked boy has done this. What a shame! Such mischievous boys ought to be severely punished. There! it is all right now, and a mighty lucky thing I happened along just when I did, or neighbor Gadfly's cabbages and flowers, like as not, would have been all tramped to destruction by some stray cow or another.

Just here Chirrup lifted his eyes towards the house in anticipation of grateful approval, when his ears were assailed by a tremendous uproar coming up from the rear, which seemed to be a commingling of infuriated yells and frightened screams, added to the bang and thud of sticks and flying missiles and the shrill snaps of a yelping cur. Chirrup became so startled, he stood with mouth agape vainly trying to

collect his scattered senses, when he was horrified by the sudden appearance of a maddened cow, with head lowered and tail brandished up aloft, galloping through the shrubs and flowers directly towards him. He had but just time to spring aside, when the desperate animal took a short veer round and plunged like a resistless avalanche over a new route into the mellowest garden beds back to the rear. Chirrup had barely time to gaze wildly down the yard and ejaculate "Bless my soul!" ere there sounded a piercing shriek, in a female voice, followed by a second furious plunge of the cow along the shrubs and flowers, and out with a crash through the centre panel of the new picket fence!

Chirrup wrung his hands in a frightened tremor, and gasped, "Dear, dear!" at the moment Gadfly, literally purple from over-exertion and the exasperated state of his feelings, tore into view. In his hand he brandished a broken clothes-prop which had been battered to pieces in his infuriated chase after the cow. When his eye fell on Chirrup and the closed gate, and in one swift glance he had taken in the fearful wreck of his new fence, he stood for a brief second or two fairly gasping at his throat in the vain effort to unburden himself of the pent-up fury boiling within. Then he screamed:

"Did you shut that gate?"

"Ye—, yes!" Chirrup faltered. "I thought—"

"You thought!" Gadfly yelled in a voice of such concentrated rage and contempt as no mere words can begin to do justice to, and with a savage snap to his teeth as if grinding the wretched Chirrup to powder. "Doggon you!

you everlasting idiot, couldn't you see the gate was propped open on purpose? For two pins I'd mash your meddling fool's head. Yah! You did it to keep the cows out? You blundering jackass! You shut the cow in! Dy'e hear? You shut the gate when I had that infernal critter tearing up and down the yard, and I'd set it wide open to get it out! Dern your blamed busy-body hide, all through your meddling the garden is twice as badly torn up, ten dollars' worth of front fence is smashed into eternal smash, and Mrs. Gadfly hunted into the chicken-coop!"

PICKLEBURG.

## A SAD MISTAKE.

HOW often the peaceful serenity of a lifetime may be broken by the mistake of a day! It was thus with unfortunate Dame Quigley. In a sad moment she secretly covenanted to have her likeness transferred to the imperishable canvas by one of those traveling daubers who produce such fearful oil-portraits as may be found in remote farm-dwellings and outlying villages. Not a word was breathed to her man, Jacob, until the wonderful production, resplendent in a showy gilt frame, had been hung up in the most striking position on one of the best parlor-walls. Then the good dame sat in a fever of trembling expectancy for the appearance and commendation of her husband.

Alas, for the blunt farmer's approval. Taking a steady look at the picture, and anon scanning the features of his wife, as if to take critical note of the points of resemblance, he

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suddenly asked, in a voice of tremulous emotion:

"Peggy! is that you?"

"Surely, Jacob! Doesn't thee see I've got on my black alpaker and Sunday cap?"

Again the saddened farmer gazed alternately on the canvas and the face of his eagerly expectant old lady; then solemnly pleaded, as a tear trembled out of the corner of his eye and ran down off the end of his nose:

"But, tell me, Peggy,—is it like thee?"

"Certain, sure, Jacob. Can't thee see how perfect he has painted the little wart on the side of my nose, and the spectacles are just as natural as can be. Yes! Every one of the neighbors says it's me all over."

"It is?" the stricken farmer cried, springing to his feet with a bound of desperate energy. "Then I'll be dod-rotted into everlasting smash if I don't have a divorce in less 'n a month!"

A moment later, as he took a last look at the fearful picture, he indulged in a wild upraising of his hands, as he cried:

"Great Centennial Caesar! Is it possible I've lived more'n forty years with a woman who looks like that!"



Puck's Exchanges.

ROBERT COLLYER thinks people better marry young.—*Graphic*. That is what Brigham of Utah thinks, too. And a great many people of that Territory—especially women—do marry Young.—*Norristown Herald*.

## STEINWAY'S DOUBLE VICTORY!

STEINWAY & SONS have been decreed the supreme recompense, viz: TWO MEDALS OF HONOR and TWO DIPLOMAS OF MERIT, being incontestably the highest honors bestowed upon any piano display at the Centennial Exhibition. To Messrs. STEINWAY only has been accorded, by the unanimous verdict of the Judges, "THE HIGHEST DEGREE OF EXCELLENCE IN ALL THEIR STYLES," as shown by the following official report on the STEINWAY exhibit of GRAND, SQUARE, and UPRIGHT PIANOS, viz:

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YESTERDAY morning a stranger entered a store on Woodward avenue and asked for a gift of ten cents, stating that he was a Quaker, and without money or friends. He didn't look exactly like a broadbrim, nor did he talk like one, but the money was given him and a watch set on his further progress. He went directly to a saloon, and was in the act of drinking a glass of whiskey when the man who had given him the money entered and said:

"That's what you wanted money for, eh?"

"Yes, sir," was the calm reply.

"I thought you said you were a Quaker?"

"So I am."

"But Quakers never drink," protested the other.

"Well, what I meant was that I was a Quaker who did drink."

"Don't you ever come into our store again, sir."

"No, I shall not," slowly responded the man. "You have done nobly; and if you will write down the name and number I'll see that I keep out. I'm that kind of a Quaker who doesn't believe in letting any one firm pay all my bills. I'd ask you to drink if I had any of your money left!"—*Detroit Free Press*.

WHEN the head of the family comes home at a shockingly late hour, deposits his weary self on the top of the piano, and, while gently tickling the keys with his major toe, murmurs something about the annoyance of a squeaking bed, it is entirely safe to draw conclusions.—*Exchange*.

A CONTEMPORARY exclaims: "The South is not for sale!" Sorry to hear it. We thought of purchasing several Southern States and bringing them North, for the purpose of converting them into Republican districts. But there's many a slip, etc.—*Norristown Herald*.

THE body of a fine-appearing young man, with an intellectual cast of countenance, was found in the alley in the rear of the *Hawkeye* building yesterday morning. He was a stranger, and there were no papers on his person to identify him. The only clue to the terrible mystery is the fact that, pinned to his heart by a long knife that passed clear through the corpse, was found a manuscript original joke on Lent. Suspicion attaches to the night editor. The coroner's jury returned a verdict of justifiable homicide.—*Burlington Hawkeye*.

SCIENCE may reach still further out and light up the pathway of ignorance as bright as day, but it will never contrive a way of holding a pillow while it is being cased equal to the method employed by the servant-girl of today, who grasps the feather-stuffed tick with her teeth, and wriggles it into its receptacle.—*Fulton Times*.

A WEARY, discouraged paragraphist reading, the other day, that Mark Twain was assessed at \$66,000 worth of property, turned to his table with renewed hope that his reward would come, and penned a couple of jokes that were stolen by thirty-two exchanges, without a hint of credit, in less than a week. Somehow, it didn't seem to encourage him much either.—*Bridgeport Standard*.

YESTERDAY a gentleman, residing in a neat, modest cottage in the suburbs, caught a tramp prowling about his back-yard, evidently trying to steal something.

"Why don't you come to the front door if you want anything?" indignantly roared the proprietor.

"That's what I was looking for," was the impudent reply.

"Didn't you see it on the other side of the house?" retorted the gentleman.

"How was I to know that was the front door? No silver door-plate, no bell, no telephone, no statuary, no servant to take your hat and cane. Tell your boss there is a gentleman out here, who is waiting for his breakfast."

When the gentleman got back with his shotgun, the tramp was not there any more.—*San Antonio Herald*.

A FASHION exchange says: "Ladies will carry larger pocket-books this season." Glad to hear it; hope their husbands will be able to do the same.—*Philadelphia Bulletin*.

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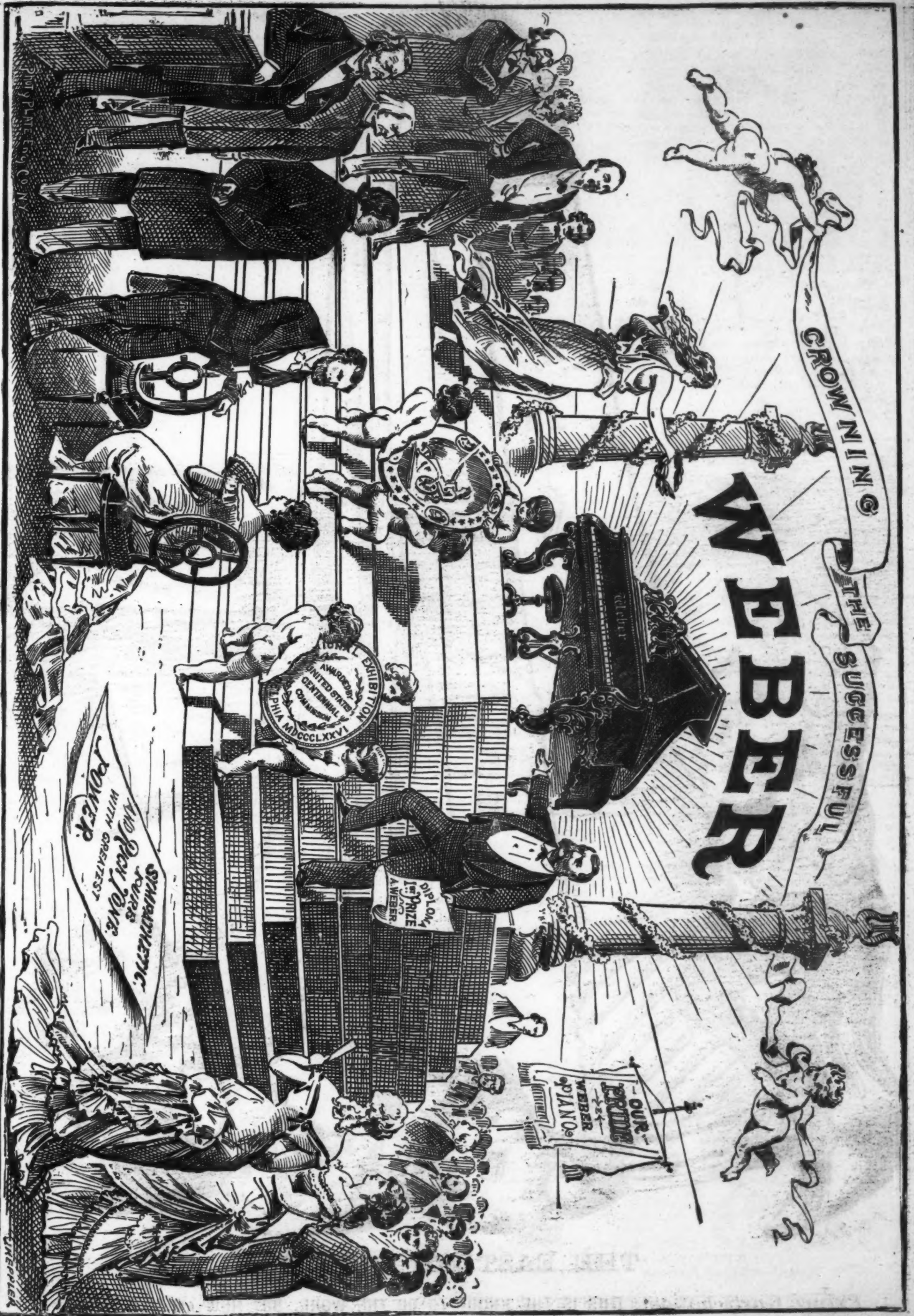
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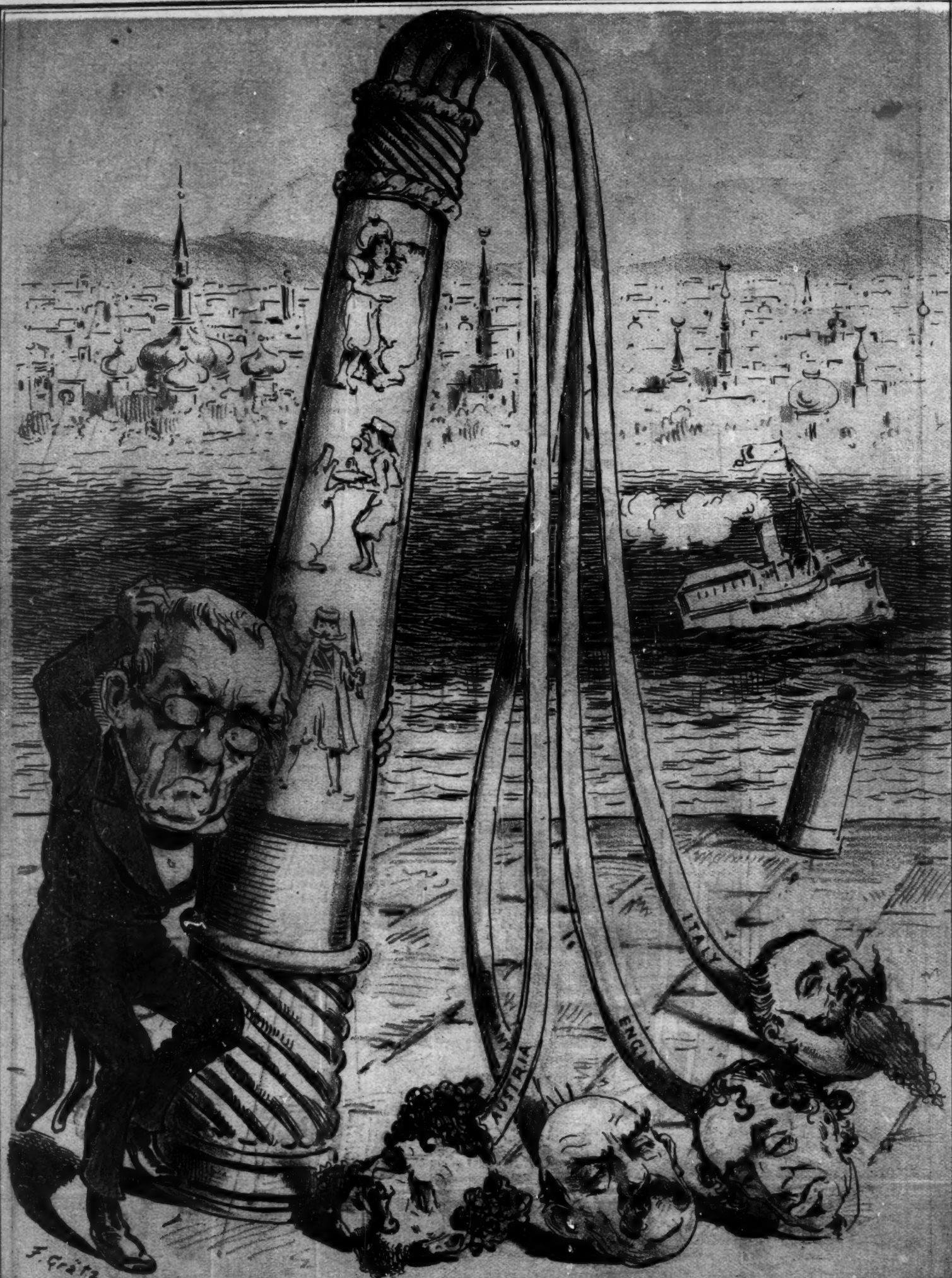




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## THE EASTERN QUESTION.

Prince Gortschakoff: THIS IS THE KNOT TO DO THE WORK, BUT HOW AM I TO HANDLE IT?